Port Canaveral

grows darker as
pelicans await
a piece of fish

shoved by hurry-
ing gutters.

I drink a Bud mid three
smaller brown birds shy-

ly anticipating crumbs
off my Ritz crackers.

A crow flashes its
black iridescences,
cracking the universe

for sea lights to rush
in, floating all

of us so up
to afterglow.